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AMAZING STORY OF STRANGE
ADVENTURE YOU'VE EVER READ!
IN THIS ISSUE--
"I'LL DREAM about
YOU!"

YOU ASK PROFESSOR
DIABLO WHAT THE FATES
HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU?
LOOK--LOOK WITHIN
THE FLAME OF
UNIVERSAL
KNOWLEDGE...



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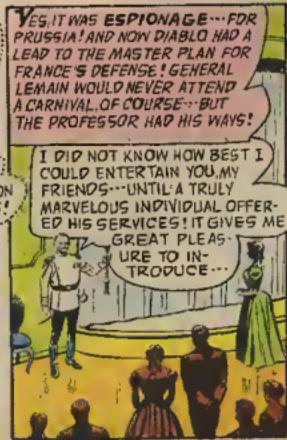
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HOW DID THE OLD SONG GO--OH, YES--"MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND!" JUST A PLEASANT LITTLE FANCY... BUT JUST SUPPOSE SUCH THINGS COULD BE! HERE'S A STRANGE STORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS REALM WHICH LIES BEYOND THE BORDERS OF SLEEP...AND THE MAGIC THAT CAN BE CONTAINED WITHIN THE WORDS...





THE PROFESSOR WAS IN RARE FORM THAT NIGHT, THRILLING GENERAL LEMAIN'S GUESTS! BUT FROM HIS VIEWPOINT, IT WAS A FAILURE...

I HAD...AH...HOPED FOR THE HONOR OF ENTERTAINING YOU WITHIN MY TENT, M'SIEU LE GENERALE!

COMPLETELY IMPOSSIBLE, MY GOOD MAN! SUCH EXHIBITIONS ARE OF LITTLE INTEREST TO AN OLD ARMY MAN LIKE MYSELF!

THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT FINISH OFF THE PROCEEDINGS...AND LEAVE! BUT THEN...LIKE A LAST MOMENT REPIEVE...

THERE ISN'T A CHANCE TO LEARN ANYTHING FROM HIM NOW...HOW COULD I EVER MANAGE TO GET NEAR HIM AGAIN?

PROFESSOR DIABLO! WAIT...DON'T GO YET!

I'M MELANIE LEMAIN--THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER! I...I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE! I COULDN'T HELP ADMIRING YOU--YOU WERE SO IMPRESSIVE...

MY THANKS, MADEMOISELLE! I WAS WATCHING YOU--HOPING I MIGHT HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO LOOK INTO YOUR MIND! PLEASE, WON'T YOU GRANT ME BUT A FEW MOMENTS--HERE IN THE GARDEN?

ONE LOOK AT HER--HER IMPRESSIONABLE YOUTH--AND IN A FLASH, THE IDEA WAS BORN: HE WOULD USE HER TO APPROACH HER FATHER! CAREFULLY, HE SET OUT TO IMPRESS HER EVEN FURTHER...

YOUR EYES TELL ME YOU'RE NAMED MELANIE FOR YOUR MOTHER! AND YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN LONELY--YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THE ONE MAN, SEARCHING FOR HIM...

YOU'RE...RIGHT! IT'S A STRANGE WAY...TO MAKE A LIVING--YOUR POWER OF LEARNING ONE'S INNER SECRETS!

SHE WAS PREPARING TO LEAVE--HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING, FAST! IT WAS TIME FOR HIS TRUMP CARD...

WAIT, MADEMOISELLE! I CAN TELL THAT YOU SEE ME ONLY AS A CLEVER MOUNTEBANK--A CREATURE OF THE CARNIVAL! AH, IF ONLY YOU KNEW ME AS I **REALLY** AM--DIVORCED OF MY PROFESSIONAL TRAPPINGS...

...LIKE THIS! EXIT PROFESSOR DIABLO--ENTER PIERRE MORAND, AT YOUR SERVICE!

OH--HH! I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

HE WAS HANDSOME, A MAN OF THE WORLD--AND SHE AN INNOCENT AND IMPRESSIONABLE GIRL! SMALL WONDER THAT HE COULD PREVAIL ON HER TO AGREE TO ANOTHER MEETING! AND BEFORE LONG...

MY DARLING...

PIERRE... I LOVE YOU SO MUCH...

AFTER THAT, THEY MET AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY--WANDERED THE STREETS OF PARIS TOGETHER...

I NEVER KNEW REAL HAPPINESS TILL YOU CAME INTO MY LIFE, CHERI!

SHE'S SWEET--SO VERY SWEET--BUT I MUSTN'T FORGET SHE'S JUST A MEANS TO AN END--**HER FATHER, THE GENERAL!** BUT SO FAR, THERE HASN'T BEEN A CHANCE...

THEN, FINALLY--THE CHANCE CAME!

YOU SAY YOUR FATHER'S BEEN TROUBLED BY BAD DREAMS WHICH ARE DISTURBING HIS REST? BUT I CAN HELP HIM, MELANIE! I'VE MADE A DEEP STUDY OF DREAMS AND THEIR INTERPRETATION--I COULD TELL YOU STRANGE THINGS ABOUT THEM--

WHAT SORT OF STRANGE THINGS?

WELL, FOR INSTANCE--IF A GREAT LOVE WERE TO EXIST BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE, THEY COULD HAVE THE SAME DREAM--IF THEY WILLED IT SUFFICIENTLY! BUT LET'S GET TO THE POINT! TELL YOUR FATHER THAT PROFESSOR DIABLO IS A **MASTER OF DREAMS**--AND CAN HELP SOLVE HIS TROUBLE!

THE GENERAL LOST NO TIME IN CALLING IN DIABLO! AND DIABLO LOST NO TIME, EITHER...

...AND I DREAM THAT SATAN, IN MAN'S FORM, APPEARS TO ME AND--WHY ARE YOU FLASHING THAT THING AT ME? IT'S SO--SO HYPNOTIC!

YES, GENERAL--IT IS HYPNOTIC, ISN'T IT?



THE VICTIM NEVER KNEW WHAT HE REVEALED! BUT IN PRUSSIA, CERTAIN HIGH SOURCES RECDINED THE INFORMATION THEY SO DESIRED...

AH, THAT DIABLO--HE NEVER FAILS! WE'VE LEARNED WHAT WE HAD TO KNOW ABOUT THE ENTIRE FRENCH BORDER DEFENSE SYSTEM!

IT'S TIME TO READY OUR ARMIES!

DIABLO'S WORK WAS DONE--BUT BACK IN PARIS, PIERRE MORAND STILL LINGERED--HELPED BY A SPELL SUCH AS HE'D NEVER KNOWN! HE FORGOT WHO HE WAS, WHAT HE WAS, AND REMEMBERED ONLY--MELANIE!

THAT ANTIQUE CUPID--I LOVE IT! IT SORT OF REPRESENTS--WELL, THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT YOU, PIERRE!

LET'S SAY THE WAY WE FEEL ABOUT EACH OTHER, MELANIE--AND LET'S BUY IT!

CURIOS



IF WE'RE EVER SEPARATED, DARLING, AND YOU SHOULD WANT ME, JUST SEND THIS TO ME--AND I'LL COME FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH TO BE AT YOUR SIDE!

SILLY--AS IF ANYTHING EVER COULD SEPARATE US!

THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING THAT WAS FATED TO SEPARATE THEM! HISTORY KNEW IT AS THE FRANCO PRUSSIAN WAR OF 1870...

INVASION! THE HUNS SWARMED IN--AND IT WAS AT ONCE APPARENT THAT THE FRENCH DEFENSES HAD BEEN BETRAYED TO THE ENEMY! GENERAL LEMAIN WAS ARRESTED, DISGRACED...



BUT FRENCH MILITARY INTELLIGENCE WONDERED---AND INVESTIGATED! THEY MADE A STRANGE FINDING---

BUT---BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

PIERRE MORAND IS THE MAN I LOVE! HE'S GOOD---AND LOYAL...

AND HE'S ALSO PROFESSOR DIABLO! THE PATTERNS CLEAR---WHEREVER THE GERMANS CAPTURED A FORTRESS THROUGH A STRANGE KNOWLEDGE OF ITS DEFENSES, DIABLO'S CARNIVAL HAD PAID A CALL AND HE'D INTERVIEWED SOME OFFICER! WE'VE ESTABLISHED THAT HE POSSESSES HYPNOTIC POWERS! HMM...

IT WAS YOU WHO BROUGHT HIM TO TREAT YOUR FATHER. WAS IT NOT?



AND SO...

WHY HAVE YOU AWAKENED ME AT THIS TIME?

PIERRE MORAND? YOU'RE UNDER ARREST---FOR ESPIONAGE AGAINST THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE!



IT WAS A SHORT TRIAL---WITH LITTLE DOUBT OF THE OUTCOME! THEY SAY THAT LOVE AND HATRED ARE VERY CLOSE TOGETHER AS HER TESTIMONY REVEALED...

NOW THAT I RECALL IT, FROM THE FIRST HE SEEMED TO BE ANXIOUS TO GAIN CONTACT WITH MY FATHER! I WAS A LITTLE FOOL---I BELIEVED HIS LIES! HE'S GUILTY, ALL RIGHT---HOW I WISH I'D NEVER SEEN HIM...



I... I DID EVERYTHING YOU SAID, MELANIE! BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW---HOW I GROWED

TO LOVE YOU!

AS I'VE GROWN
TO HATE YOU! GET
OUT OF MY WAY,
YOU---YOU JACKAL!



BECAUSE YOU HAVE FREELY CONFESSIONED YOUR GUILT, PIERRE MORAND, AND SEEM TO REPENT OF IT, THE USUAL DEATH PENALTY IS BEING WAIVED! YOU ARE HEREBY SENTENCED TO IMPRISONMENT FOR AS LONG AS YOU SHALL LIVE!



PRISON WAS A HARD AND LONELY PLACE---AS THE YEARS DRAGGED BY IN BITTER LONELINESS AND YOUTH TURNED INTO AGE...

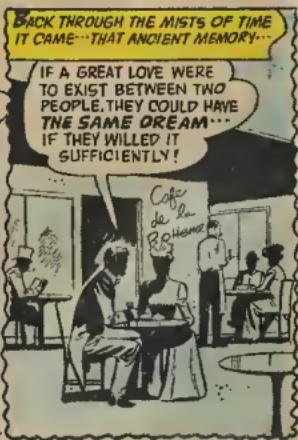


BUT THERE WAS ONE THING THAT SAVED PIERRE FROM MADNESS---THE MEMORY OF HER FACE---THE GIRL HE STILL LOVED...



AND WHAT OF HER? AN OLD WOMAN NOW---STILL CHERISHING THE BITTERNESS THAT HAD PREVENTED HER FROM EVER MARRYING! THERE WAS NOTHING SOFT NOR LOVING ABOUT MELANIE LEMAIN NOW...





(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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WITH THE GOLDEN SYMBOL OF THEIR LOVE CLUTCHED IN HIS HANDS, PIERRE FELL INTO A DEEP SLUMBER! AND AS HE SLEPT, SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENED...



NOW, THE COLD GRIM PRISON WALLS NO LONGER SEEMED A BARRIER...



HE HAD NO MEMORY OF COVERING GROUND--ALL HE KNEW WAS THAT SUDDEDY HE WAS THERE AGAIN, IN THAT SAME OLD GARDEN...

IT'S--JUST AS IT WAS--WHEN I WAS YOUNG! SHE USED TO WAIT FOR ME--IN AN ARBORED STONE SEAT...



YES--THE OLD STONE SEAT! MAGNETICALLY HE FELT HIS GAZE DRAWN TOWARDS IT! AND AS HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF WHAT WAS THERE, HE FELT HIMSELF CHANGING... CHANGING...



IT WAS A DREAM--A DREAM SHARED BY TWO PEOPLE! THERE SHE WAS--OLD MELANIE...



BUT AS SHE RUSHED TOWARD HIM, LOVE WORKED ITS DREAM MAGIC-- AND SHE WAS YOUNG AGAIN...



THE CLOCK HAD TURNED BACK--IT WAS TWO YOUTHFUL LOVERS WHO WERE RE-UNITED--



IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE GREATEST HAPPINESS THEY'D EVER KNOWN! EACH NIGHT, THEY MET IN DREAMS-- RELIVING THE SCENES OF THEIR YOUTH...

DO YOU REMEMBER HOW IT WAS, PIERRE? YOU SAID THAT CUPID WOULD ALWAYS REPRESENT THE WAY WE FELT ABOUT EACH OTHER--AND BOUGHT IT!



AND AS THE MONTHS PASSED...

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT ALMOST HALF A CENTURY HAS PASSED! YOU SAT THERE, MELANIE, WITH THE LIGHT DANCING IN YOUR EYES...

HOW LUCKY WE ARE... WE'RE STILL YOUNG!



THIS WAS THE STRANGE DREAMLAND THEY INHABITED! BY DAY, THEY LED THEIR SEPARATE, AGED LIVES...

IT'S A HARD LIFE, PRISON! WHAT'S WORST ABOUT IT ARE THE NIGHTS!

FOR YOU, PERHAPS! BUT THEY'RE ALL I LOOK FORWARD TO!



BON SOIR, MADAME MONSEILLE! I HATE TO LEAVE YOU ALONE THIS WAY... WITH NIGHT COMING ON...



DON'T WORRY! IT'S THE TIME I LIKE BEST!

THEN CAME A TIME OF TRAGEDY! THE PLAGUE SWEPT THROUGH PARIS... AND AT THE PRISON...

HE'S IN A DEEP COMA! HE MAY NOT LIVE...



BUT PIERRE DID LIVE! WHEN HE FINALLY REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, WEEKS HAD PASSED...

SHE WON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ME--SHE MIGHT EVEN THINK I DIED IN THE PLAGUE! I--I'VE GOT TO GET TO HER!



AND SO, WITH NIGHTFALL, HE DREAMED...

I'VE GOT TO HURRY... I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HER...



MELANIE... WHERE ARE YOU? IT'S PIERRE... I'VE COME AGAIN!





FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL, THE SUDDEN WAKING OF A SLEEPWALKER OR DREAMER HAS BEEN REGARDED AS DANGEROUS! IN THE CASE OF PIERRE MGRAND, IT WAS MORE THAN THAT, FOR HIS AGED HEART COULDN'T TAKE THE SHOCK...

JAN'T...CAN'T FIND HER... ANYWHERE...

HE...HE LOOKS BAD! I'D BETTER GET THE DOCTOR!

MEANWHILE, JUST OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS—AS THE DREAM FIGURE STROVE TO RETURN TO HIS MORTAL FRAME...

I...I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I WANT TO GET THROUGH THE WALLS, BACK TO MY CELL... BUT I CAN'T! SOMETHINGS HOLDING ME BACK...

I'VE...LOST HER...AND NOW I CAN'T EVEN GET BACK INTO MY DREAMING BODY! AM I DOOMED TO WANDER FOREVER...ALONE?



BUT THE STRANGE DRAMA WAS NOT YET FINISHED! FOR EVEN AS THE DOCTOR SPOKE THE FATAL WORDS...



AND NOW, FOR THE LOVERS WHO HAD BEEN JOINED ONLY IN DREAMS, ETERNAL LIFE AWAITED—AN ETERNITY OF HAPPINESS...TOGETHER!



THE END

BILLY REMEMBERS

If there was one thing that Billy Peters, age sixteen, was bad at, it was remembering, and all the boys in his gang kidded him about it plenty! But they had to admit that he *did* come up with good ideas. Take their current vacation trip, for instance. It had been his suggestion that they take a bike trip through the Rockies, an area in which he'd always been interested because his great-grandfather had lived there a century ago. All of the boys were pretty enthusiastic about it, and found the region fascinating. They liked to explore off the beaten paths, and had gotten themselves rather thoroughly lost following an old, overgrown trail. "That's *Billy's* fault," remarked one of the boys. "He forgot to bring enough maps! That fella can't remember anything!" The others agreed heartily—then quickened their pace as they sighted the old, tumbled-down ruins of a typical western ghost town. Only a few houses still stood, leaning at crazy angles. The cornerstone of a wrecked church gave the town's name—*Oreville*. Then Tom Jones' eyes widened as he pointed. "Look up there, on top of the hill!" he cried.

It was a large, rambling old house—obviously, once the show-spot of *Oreville*. And so strongly had it been built that not a wall had fallen. Dark and brooding, it stood there, an air of age-old mystery about it that fascinated the boys. As they approached it, Billy spoke up, almost as if he were talking to himself. "I—remember it!" he said—as a roar of ridicule went up from the others. "Never been here in his life," Tom scoffed, "and he says he remembers it yet! C'mon, gang—waddeya say we explore?"

The silence of the years lay heavy on the old mansion. As they stood in the large main hall, looking up the sweeping staircase towards the cobwebbed landing, Billy spoke again, his words sounding as if they came from a great distance. "There used to be parties here," he whispered. "People, and lights and music!" Then he paused, flushing, as a howl of ridicule went up. "He forgets the maps," said one of the boys, "but he remembers stuff from a hundred years ago! Hey—let's see what's *upstairs*!"

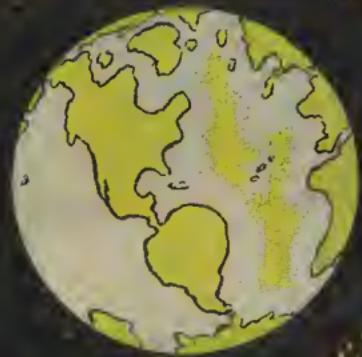
Upstairs held the regulation rooms—all, except one chamber which lacked windows and had a large, heavy door. Obviously it had been a storage, or safe-keeping room. The boys entered, and, in the course of their skylarking, slammed the huge door shut. All of their strength couldn't get it opened again, and there they were—prisoners! The outlook was dismal. Nobody knew where they were—matter of fact, there wasn't a soul within fifty miles! And there wasn't a window to escape from! There wasn't a chance of getting out alive! "If you hadn't talked us into this vacation, we wouldn't be in this fix!" said Tom bitterly, glaring at Billy. And Fred spoke up, adding his condemnation. "Yeah," he said. "If you're so good at remembering, how's about remembering something that'll save us *now*?"

Billy was looking around him, a frown of concentration on his face. Always, his attention came back to the north wall of the room. "I remember . . . it wasn't always like this!" he muttered. "There used to be—fireplace in that wall!" Slowly he approached the designated spot, striking at the wall with his knuckles. There was a hollow thump—and the other boys sprang forward. They ripped the old wallpaper away, and found lath underneath. And beneath the lath was a large, ancient fireplace—leading into a chimney they could climb! And from the roof, it was easy to enter another window—and escape to safety!

How do you explain things like this? You yourself have known the feeling of coming to a certain place that you *know* you've never been in before—and yet feeling the absolute conviction that you've seen it, known it previously. And in Billy's case, there's a sequel to the story. "You've told me that one of our ancestors once lived out that way," he said to his father. "Do you know *where*?"

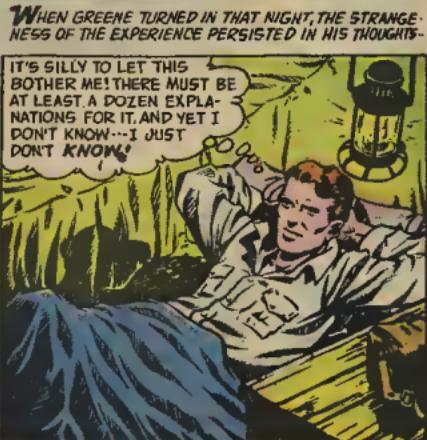
"Well, now, let's see!" said his father slowly. "My grandfather used to tell me about it when I was a kid! He used to say that it was the biggest, most beautiful house in town, way back a century ago! The place is probably a ghost town now, but I still remember its name—*Oreville*!"

FINAL ACCOUNTING!



A MASTER PLAN FOR ATTACK FROM SPACE! HERE'S A BREATHLESS STORY OF HOW ONE MAN LEARNED OF A GRAVE PLOT AGAINST THE EARTH ITSELF! DID HE FORESTALL IT? READ THE ANSWER IN...
"FINAL ACCOUNTING!"

LIKE ALL THINGS, THIS STRANGE STORY HAD ITS BEGINNING... AND IN THIS CASE, IT TOOK PLACE IN THE STAR-STUDDED SKY THAT RIMS THE VAST DESERT REGION OF WESTERN NEW MEXICO! THE OBSERVER WAS A YOUNG URANIUM PROSPECTOR BY THE NAME OF FRED GREENE...



BUT THE MORNING SUN FAILED TO
DISPEL HIS DARK THOUGHTS, AND HIS
BRAIN PRODDED HIS BODY TO A
SUDDEN DECISION...

I'LL TAKE OFF FOR THE
SOUTHERN RIDGE --- THAT
WAS THE GENERAL DIRECTION
IT FELL IN! EVEN IF I DON'T
FIND ANYTHING, I'LL FEEL
BETTER FOR HAVING
GONE!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AS HE WORKED HIS WAY ALONG THE SOUTHERN RIDGE, HE MADE HIS STARTLING DISCOVERY...

THE GEIGER COUNTER---THIS SCORCHED TRAIL MUST BE RADIO-ACTIVE! I---I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! I'VE BEEN OVER THIS TRAIL BEFORE AND NEVER HAD A RESPONSE!



THE TRAIL STOPS RIGHT BEFORE
THIS CAVE---AND THE RESPONSE
FROM MY COUNTER SEEMS TO BE
GETTING STRONGER BY THE
SECOND! THERE'S SOMETHING
UNCANNY ABOUT THIS!



CAUTIOUSLY,
THE PROSPECTOR
ENTERED! EACH
STEP BROUGHT
MOUNTING
SURPRISE...

THESE WALLS! THEY'RE
SMOOTH AS GLASS!
THEY'VE BEEN POLISH-
ED DOWN---BUT BY
WHOM, AND WHY?



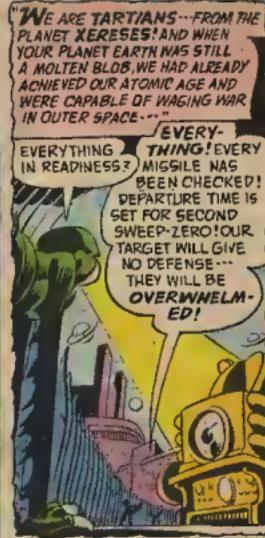
THAT NOISE!
IT'S SOME KIND
OF MACHINERY,
AND IT'S COMING
FROM THIS
DIRECTION!

THEN STARK AMAZEMENT SEIZED HIM AS HE CAME TO AN
ABRUPT HALT BEFORE THE ENTRANCEWAY TO A
LARGE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER---

GOOD
HEAVENS! THIS
CAN'T BE REAL!
THOSE ROCKETS---
AND THOSE STRANGE
CREATURES! THEY'RE
NOT OF THIS
WORLD!

THEY'VE SEEN
ME! I'VE GOT
TO BRAZEN
IT OUT!

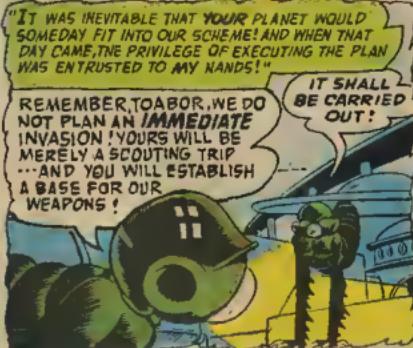




"AND THEY WERE OVERWHELMED! EVEN THOSE WHO ESCAPED THE ACTUAL BOMBARDMENT FELT THE RADIOACTIVITY PRODUCED BY OUR ROCKET GUIDED MISSILES...."



"THUS THEY FELL, ONE BY ONE! OUR MISSILES FORMED A CONTINUAL STREAM ACROSS THE STAR-STUDDED REACHES OF OUTER SPACE, AND EACH FALLEN PLANET BECAME ANOTHER STEPPING-STONE IN OUR CONQUEST OF THE GALAXY...."



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

KIDS! TEAM UP WITH YOUR PARENTS

Pinky Lee says:

Get in on this easy

Popsicle

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FAMOUS

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5th
PRIZES

All entries become the property of the Joe Lowe Corporation. All winners will be notified by mail. Failure to accept prizes as offered will result in forfeiture of prizes and no substitution will be permitted. Anyone may enter this contest except employees of the Joe Lowe Corporation, their advertising agency, or the families of such employees. This contest is limited to the U. S. and Possessions and Canada and is void and not extended in any State or locality where participation in and conducting thereof are prohibited, taxed, licensed or restricted. Joe Lowe Corporation reserves the right to substitute or change prizes or locate of vacations if unforeseen conditions arise. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish to have a list of winners sent to you.

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IN THE \$100,000 "POPSICLE" CONTEST!

10 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS

Here's all you do...

1. Cut out official entry blank (right) along dotted lines.
2. Carefully cut out the big "Sicle" ball from any three "POPSICLE," "FUDGSICLE," "CREAMSICLE," "DREAMSICLE," or "50-50 POPSICLE" bags.
3. Paste the three "Sicle" balls in spaces marked on the entry blank.
4. Match the ranch brands against the names of the ranches shown on the entry blank by writing the number of the ranch name in the corner of the box where you think it belongs. For example—we have put a 3 in the first box because Circle Z (#3 on the list) fits that brand.
5. In the empty space shown on the entry blank, draw the brand you would use if you owned a ranch.
6. Print the name of your imaginary ranch on the dotted line indicated on the blank. (Mom and Dad can help!)
7. Write your name, age and address in the spaces indicated on the blank. Your entry will be judged against other entries in your age group.
8. Paste the completed entry on a 2-cent post-card and mail to "POPSICLE," P.O. Box 123, New York 46, N. Y. Send in as many entries as you like. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, August 6th.

9. Entries will be judged by an independent judging organization on the basis of correctness and neatness. In case of tie, originality of your "imaginary ranch brand" will be deciding factor. Decision of judges will be final.

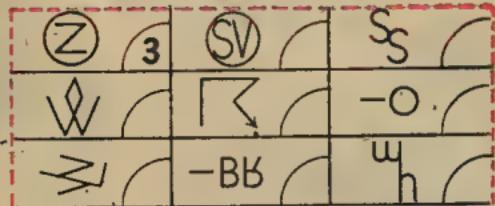
Remember! You have until midnight Saturday June 4th to enter the first big weekly "POPSICLE" contest. Thereafter weekly contests begin Sunday morning and end the following Saturday at midnight. All entries will be judged in the weekly contests by postmark date on envelope. The 10th and last "POPSICLE" contest closes with mail postmarked by midnight Aug. 6, 1955.

ENTER YOUR FIRST CONTEST NOW!

Lost Contest Closes SAT., AUG. 6, 1955

Get additional entry blanks from your "POPSICLE" dealer!

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK



1. Westward Look
4. Thunderhead
2. Bar S S
5. Barra Hada
3. Circle Z
6. Saddle and Surrey

Now, after you've matched the brands with the correct ranches, draw your own brand design in the box on the right. Name your imaginary ranch on the dotted line below.

My Imaginary Ranch Name _____

My Name _____ Age _____

Parent's Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Brand of Ice Cream My Dealer Sells _____

PASTE 3 "SICLE" BALLS HERE!

When your entry is complete, mail it to:
"POPSICLE," P.O. Box 123, N. Y. 46, N. Y.

LOOK FOR THE BIG
"SICLE" BALL!



FREE GIFT LIST

Get one from your Ice Cream Man or write to:

"POPSICLE"
601 West 26 St., New York 1, N. Y.
2854 E. 11 St., Los Angeles 23, Cal.

"POPSICLE," "FUDGSICLE," "CREAMSICLE," "DREAMSICLE," "50-50 POPSICLE" and "SICLE" are Registered Trade Marks of the Joe Lowe Corporation, New York 1, New York. "Bag Saving Offer limited to U.S. and Possessions and is valid and not extended in any State or locality where redemption and issuance thereof is prohibited or where any law, license or other restriction is imposed upon the redemption or issuance thereof. Copyright, 1955, Joe Lowe Corp., New York 1, N. Y."

AH, BUT IT IS **TRUE**! AGAIN AND AGAIN OUR SHIPS HAVE BROUGHT SUPPLIES TO US, BUT YOUR PAPERS LAUGH. CALL THEM FLYING SAUCERS, OBJECTS OF THE IMAGINATION!

THEN THAT GLOWING OBJECT IN THE SKY LAST NIGHT AND THE SCORCHED TRAIL ON THE SOUTHERN RIDGE! IT WAS ONE OF...



YES, ONE OF **OURS**! AND IT BROUGHT NEWS! ON JULY 1ST 1975, WE WILL HAVE BUILT UP SUFFICIENT STRENGTH---AND THEN ... **WE ATTACK!**

YOU'LL FAIL! NOW THAT I KNOW YOUR PLOT, I'LL SEE THAT WE USE THE INTERVENING YEARS TO PREPARE!



IT IS INEVITABLE---YOUR SPECIES IS POWERLESS BEFORE US! AND TO PROVE OUR SUPERIORITY, I'M GOING TO SET YOU **FREE**! YOU ARE UNIMPORTANT---REPRESENT NO THREAT!

YOU THINK NOT? WAIT TILL I SPREAD THE NEWS!



THAT MAY BE SLIGHTLY DIFFICULT!

YOUR EYE---THAT LIGHT---WHY ARE YOU CONCENTRATING IT ON ME---N-NO--- DON'T...



THE FOLLOWING DAY, A PROSPECTOR FOUND HIM ... **UNCONSCIOUS**...

THREE MONTHS LATER, IN A HOSPITAL JUST BEYOND THE DESERT...



HE'S COMING AROUND, DOCTOR HOLMES! MAYBE WE'LL GET SOMEWHERE **NOW**!

WE'LL HAVE TO GO EASY!



DON'T BE ALARMED---WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS! YOU'VE BEEN HERE A LONG TIME, BUT YOU'RE GETTING **BETTER**!

WHO AM I... WHERE'D I COME FROM...



THE AMNESIA IS STILL THERE!
COMPLETE LOSS OF MEMORY,
DESPITE THE REGAINING OF
CONSCIOUSNESS! WANT
TO TAKE OVER?

YOU WERE FOUND OUT IN THE DESERT,
AND IN A BAD WAY! WHILE YOU WERE UN-
CONSCIOUS, YOU KEPT SAYING YOU HAD
SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SAY, BUT YOU
COULDN'T REMEMBER WHAT! DO YOU
REMEMBER NOW?

IT'S IMPORTANT
THAT YOU REMEM-
BER! TRY
HARD!

IT'S THE ONLY
WAY OF ASSUR-
ING RECOVERY.
WE WANT TO HELP,
BUT YOU MUST
HELP YOUR-
SELF!

MAY
AS
WELL!

REMEMBER...?



THERE WAS
SOMETHING...
IMPORTANT...
CAN'T REMEMBER
... CAN'T...

RELAX NOW! WE CAN TRY
AGAIN TOMORROW! THE MAIN
THING IS TO KEEP TRYING!
IT WILL TAKE TIME, BUT THERE
IS HOPE! WE MUST AL-
WAYS HAVE HOPE!



MEANWHILE, TIME PASSED, AND
PLANET EARTH SPUN ITS WAY
OWARD! THE TIME WOULD COME
WHEN IT WOULD FACE AN INVASION
FROM SPACE! IT COULD BE FORE-
STALLLED... IF FRED GREENE
REMEMBERED IN TIME...



AND ON THE BALCONY OF A HOSPITAL,
A MAN STARES OUT TOWARDS THE
DRY PLAINS! HIS BROW IS WRINKLED
IN THOUGHT, WHILE HIS BRAIN
STRUGGLES FUTILELY, HELPLESSLY,
AGAINST THE STUBBORN WALL OF
THE FORGOTTEN PAST...

THERE WAS
SOMETHING IMPORT-
ANT... TERRIBLY IM-
PORTANT! BUT I CAN'T
REMEMBER! I JUST
CAN'T REMEMBER!
BUT MAYBE TO-
MORROW...



END

EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

Time sure passes fast, doesn't it? It seems like just yesterday that we were chatting together and ironing out our mutual problems—and here it is meeting-time again! So pull up your chairs, all you loyal readers and faithful fans of "*Adventures Into The Unknown!*" Let's talk it over!

The subject for this meeting will be the new types of stories which we're carrying under the new order, which has shunted aside all horror stories, in favor of a type of reading matter which relies completely upon thoroughly interesting and challenging narrative for its appeal. Our last issue was an excellent example of such content. The principal stories in that number were, "*Coward in Outer Space*," "*War of The Seagulls*" and "*Back Through Time*." We invited all you readers to write in and tell us how you liked these stories—or, if you didn't like them, to say so!

At the time of going to press with this issue, there were only a few days opportunity to receive such mail, and so we are able to comment only upon the very first letters to come in. But this sampling provided a very interesting and significant result. Mail in favor of our new story policy was running eight to one over mail opposing! In the belief that you may be interested in just what our readers are saying, we're reproducing a few of their letters herewith:

"Dear Editor:—

I've been a reader of '*Adventures Into The Unknown!*' since it began, so many years ago! I've always liked your stories, and to tell you the truth, I wasn't sure of whether I'd go for the new order! But after

having read your last issue, I'm not worrying. These stories are fascinating! Orchids to '*Coward In Outer Space*'—the best story of its kind I've ever read!

—Cookie Dimesa, New York, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:—

You asked that readers write in and tell their opinion on the new '*Adventures Into The Unknown!*' Okay—I think it's the best I've ever read! '*Coward In Outer Space*' was keen! Keep up the good work!

—Tom Kardjian, Los Angeles, Calif."

"Dear Editor:—

I've always liked stories about zombies and werewolves, and I thought I wouldn't like '*Adventures Into The Unknown!*' without them. But when you came out with '*War of The Seagulls*' and '*Coward In Outer Space*,' I changed my mind! As long as you can print stories like those, I'll be a reader!

—E. W. Moran, Dallas, Texas"

Well—this was the type of response we got to *last* issue! Now, how about our current number? Remember, it's up to *you* to keep us informed—for unless we know how you like our offerings, we're in the dark as to your tastes! And since "*Adventures Into The Unknown!*" is *your* magazine, we want you to write us, telling us how you like what we're doing—which of our stories you like, and which you *don't* like! Address your letters to The Editor, "*Adventures Into The Unknown!*" 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. And now—so long, until next month!

DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES PEOPLE HAVE BELIEVED THAT FATE TAKES A HAND IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN! IS THIS TRUE? IS THERE REALLY NOTHING YOU CAN DO WHEN...

YOUR NUMBER'S UP!



IT WAS WITH THE GAYEST OF SPIRITS THAT GEORGE HARRIS BOUNDED OUT OF BED ON HIS BIRTHDAY...



A MERRY TUNE SANG THROUGH HIS BRAIN AS HE TOOK STOCK...



1
AFTER A HEARTY BREAKFAST, GEORGE HOPPED INTO HIS CAR AND SET OUT FOR THE BANK WHERE HE WORKED AS A JUNIOR EXECUTIVE...



THE ROAD'S BLOCKED TEMPORARILY, BUD... THERE'S BEEN A NASTY ACCIDENT! CAR SKIDDED AROUND A CURVE... KILLED THE DRIVER INSTANTLY!

GEE, THAT'S TOO BAD!



JUST A COINCIDENCE, BUT A DISTURBING ONE!



HE ARRIVED AT THE BANK IN A SOMBER MOOD! LATER...



IT'S BUSINESS, MY BOY, AND WE NEED THOSE BRANCH BANKS DESPERATE! I'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION!

WHAT A FINE BIRTHDAY PRESENT THIS IS--LOSING MY JOB!

AS GEORGE WAS LEAVING, SOME INEXPLICABLE IMPULSE CAUSED HIM TO ASK--

BUT THE WAY, SIR, JUST HOW MANY BRANCHES ARE INVOLVED?

27? IT'LL MAKE US ONE OF THE LARGEST ORGANIZATIONS IN THE COUNTRY!



THE DAY HAD STARTED SO BEAUTIFULLY, AND NOW EVERYTHING WAS WRONG! IN ANGER, HE WITHDREW HIS ENTIRE SAVINGS FROM THE BANK--

SURE YOU WANT TO TAKE OUT THE WHOLE \$8,000, GEORGE?

YOU THINK I'D GIVE THIS JOINT ANY MORE OF MY BUSINESS? I'LL DEPOSIT THE MONEY LATER IN A GOOD BANK!

TELLER



HE HAD TO HURRY TO MEET HIS FIANCÉE FOR LUNCH, AND SEEING HER, HIS SPIRITS ROSE SWIFTLY--

GOSH, ARLENE, YOU'RE SURE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!

YOU'VE KEPT ME WAITING FIVE MINUTES, GEORGE!



GAZING ACROSS THE TABLE AT HER BEAUTIFUL FEATURES, HE CALLED HIMSELF A FOOL FOR BEING DEPENDENT! WITH YOUTH, ABILITY, AND HER... HE WAS STILL A LUCKY GUY! HE TOLD HER EVERYTHING...



IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS, HONEY... YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU?

NO, I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF THEY'D VALUED YOUR SERVICES THEY'D HAVE KEPT YOU AND FIRED SOME BODY ELSE!

BUT MONEY...

GOOD PEOPLE AREN'T FIRED! LOOK, GEORGE, YOU'RE REALLY IN NO POSITION TO GET MARRIED, AND I'M NOT THE KIND TO WAIT AROUND! I'M AFRAID WE'D BETTER CALL IT QUIT!



AS SHE REMOVED HER ENGAGEMENT RING, GEORGE FELT THE GROUND SLIPPING FROM UNDER HIS FEET!

NO, DARLING--I WON'T LET YOU DO THIS! I LOVE YOU! I'VE GOT \$8,000 IN MY POCKET-- AND I'LL FIND A BETTER JOB!

PLEASE, GEORGE, DON'T MAKE THINGS DIFFICULT!

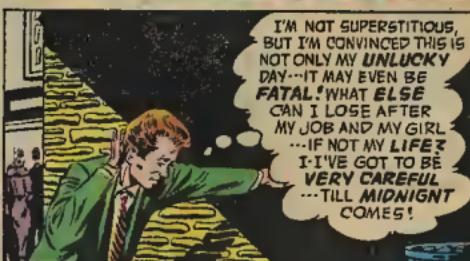




WATCHING THE GIRL HE LOVED WALK OUT OF HIS LIFE, HE FELT LIKE A MAN FALLING OVER A PRECIPICE...



TIMELESSLY, HE BEGAN TO WALK AROUND TOWN--
AND THE HOURS PASSED...



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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GEN. MACARTHUR POPE PIUS



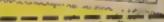
QUEEN ELIZABETH



GEORGE VI and ELIZABETH



QUEEN MOTHER

FOR and
CHURCHILL

Winston CHURCHILL

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PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Weight _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Height _____

Foreign & APD's (Except Canada) \$3.00 with payment in full.

BY THIS TIME WITH INTENSE RELIEF THAT HE NOTICED THE NUMBER ON THE SEAT TO WHICH THE USHER LED HIM...



BUT NO SOONER WAS HE SEATED THAN...

I'M SORRY, SIR... I SEEM TO HAVE DIRECTED YOU TO THE WRONG SEAT! CAN I SEE YOUR TICKET STUB?

I'M SURE THERE'S NO MISTAKE... THERE CAN'T BE!



AH, I THOUGHT SO! YOU SHOULD BE IN ROW G... SEAT 27! I'M SORRY FOR THE INCONVENIENCE, SIR.

SEAT 27? OH, NO NO!

I... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

WHAT THE--? HE MUST BE GOING OUT OF HIS MIND!



OUTSIDE, HE HAD TO PAUSE...

I'VE GOT TO GET A GRIP ON MYSELF... AND I'VE GOT TO CHANGE MY LUCK! I'VE GOT TO DEFY FATE... FIGHT THIS THING ON ITS OWN GROUND AND DESTROY IT!

BELIEVE IN TIME FOR DREAM AND LOVE



TO GEORGE, THE RUN OF BAD LUCK HAD BECOME A THING... AN EVIL FORCE WITH AN EXISTENCE OF ITS OWN: SOMETHING WHICH HAD TO BE CONQUERED! WITH GRIM DETERMINATION HE HEADED FOR A GAMING CASINO.

I'VE GOT \$8,000... MORE THAN ENOUGH TO LICK THIS BUSINESS ONCE AND FOR ALL!



IF 27 HAS TO KEEP TURNING UP... I MAY AS WELL USE IT TO MY ADVANTAGE!

PLACE YOUR BETS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!



TIME AND AGAIN HE PLAYED NO. 27...BUT...

NUMBER
18
WINS!

THAT'S MY
NINTH LOSS IN
A ROW! BUT 27
HAS GOT TO
SHOW UP
SOONER OR
LATER!

THE WHEEL
SPUN AND SPUN,
AND ITS WHIRL
MATCHED THE
GROWING DIZZI-
NESS BEFORE
GEORGE'S EYES!
AGAIN AND AGAIN
HE PLACED A
\$100 CHIP ON
THE FATAL
NUMBER...

EXCUSE ME,
MISTER, BUT I'VE
NOTICED THAT
YOU KEEP BETTING
THE SAME WAY
EACH TIME! WHY
NOT TRY TO
CHANGE
YOUR LUCK?

THAT'S WHAT I'M
TRYING TO DO!
I'VE STAKED 43
CHIPS ON THAT
NUMBER ALREADY
...IT'S LONG
OVERDUE!

THE ONCE HIGH MOUND OF CHIPS DWINDLED, DWINDLED
...AND NOW ONLY THREE WERE LEFT!

IT'S GOT TO
COME UP NOW
...PLEASE...
OH, PLEASE...



AND NOW, HIS LAST CHIP! GONE WAS ALL SENSE OF
TIME AND PLACE...THE WHOLE UNIVERSE HAD BECOME
ENCIRCLED BY THE SPINNING ROULETTE WHEEL...

NUMBER
28 WINS!
28!

TWENTY-EIGHT!
I'VE LOST EVERY-
THING...EVERY PENNY
I'VE SAVED!

YOU KNOW, THAT 27
IS OVERDUE! I THINK
I'LL GIVE IT A WHIRL!



WOW! I'VE GOT
A HUNCH... I'LL
BET IT ALL AGAIN!

AGAIN THE WHEEL TURNED, ONLY NOW
GEORGE KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN...

27
WINS
AGAIN!

I...I'VE
WON A
FORTUNE!

TAKE MY
ADVICE, MISS...
BET IT ALL
AGAIN!





DEATHLY SILENCE REIGNED AS THE WHEEL SPUN ONCE MORE; AND WHEN THE BALL FINALLY FELL INTO A SLOT...



SOMETHING SEEMED TO SNAP IN GEORGE'S BRAIN! LIKE A MADMAN, HE LEAPED FROM HIS SEAT, FRANTIC TO ESCAPE...



LEAPING INTO HIS CAR HE KICKED HIS FOOT DOWN HARD ON THE ACCELERATOR; EVERYTHING WAS CLEAR ALL AT ONCE...



REALIZING THE IMMENSE DANGER HE WAS IN, GEORGE SLOWED DOWN AND DROVE CAREFULLY TO HIS HOTEL; THEN HE WENT DIRECTLY TO HIS ROOM...



IT WAS IMPORTANT NOT TO MOVE...TO DO NOTHING...UNTIL THE BELLS FROM THE CHURCH STEEPLE ACROSS THE WAY TOLLED THE NEWS THAT MIDNIGHT HAD PASSED! BUT SUDDENLY...

A TELEGRAM!...I DIDN'T NOTICE IT WHEN I CAME IN! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SLIPPED UNDER THE DOOR! MORE BAD NEWS, NO DOUBT--I WON'T OPEN IT!



CURIOSITY VIED WITH TERROR, WHILE HIS HEART BEAT WILDLY...

IT'S PRACTICALLY BURNING MY HAND! IT'S GOT TO BE BAD NEWS--BUT WHAT? CAN SOMETHING HAVE HAPPENED TO MY MOTHER? SHE WROTE SHE WAS FEELING POORLY! OR MAYBE IT'S ABOUT MY BROTHER JOE--S-SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED! I--I NEED A BREATH OF FRESH AIR...

HE STEPPED OUT ON THE BALCONY, DREADING THE NEW MISFORTUNE THAT THE TELEGRAM MIGHT CONTAIN. HIS TREMBLING FINGERS EXTRACTED IT FROM THE ENVELOPE...



I'LL THROW IT AWAY...I WON'T EVEN LOOK AT IT! NOT ON THIS AWFUL DAY!

WITH HIS LAST WORDS, CAME THE BONGING OF THE CLOCK! IT WAS MIDNIGHT...THE JINXED DAY WAS OVER!



I GOT THROUGH IT...I LIKED THAT 27 HOOOOO! BUT THANK GOSH I DIDN'T LOOK AT THAT TELEGRAM--IT MUST HAVE HAD SOMETHING TERRIBLE IN IT!



DOWN, DOWN DRIFTED THE FATEFUL TELEGRAM...INTO THE RIVER BELOW...



...ITS CONTENTS NEVER TO BE KNOWN TO GEORGE HARRIS!

WESTERN UNION
IN NATIONAL LOTTERY DRAWING HELD JULY 27, 1947, YOU
TICKET NO. GH-27 WON
\$100,000 FIRST PRIZE. MUST
BE CLAIMED TOMORROW OR
PRIZE FORFEITED TO ALTERNATE
NUMBER

The END!

Time VISITOR

WAIT... YOU CAN'T GO NOW! YOU MUST STAY!

I MUST RETURN TO MY OWN TIME, PROFESSOR! HOWEVER, SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN SUCH A RESPONSIVE AUDIENCE, I WILL MAKE AN EXCEPTION AND RETURN TOMORROW AT THE SAME TIME!

THE PLACE WAS PROFESSOR BAILEY'S STUDY, AND THE TIME WAS BUT A SCANT TWO MONTHS AGO! WHATEVER IT WAS, IT CLAIMED TO BE A TIME VISITOR FROM THE FUTURE! AND AFTER A PLEASANT CHAT, IT STARTED TO LEAVE IN THE UNORTHODOX MANNER IN WHICH IT HAD APPEARED...

EUGENE WHITNEY

AND THEN... IT WAS GONE!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, AND STILL I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! A VISITOR FROM THE FUTURE... FROM THE YEAR 3468!

PROFESSOR BAILEY HASTENED TO HIS CLUB AND SHARED HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THOSE COLLEAGUES WILLING TO LISTEN...

NOW REALLY, BAILEY, YOU DON'T EXPECT US TO BELIEVE SUCH HOGWASH!

BUT I TELL YOU IT'S TRUE! HE SAID HE CHOSE TO VISIT ME BECAUSE OF MY WORK IN TELEPATHY AND OTHER ALLIED FIELDS! AND WE GAVE A SCIENTIFIC DEMONSTRATION THAT WAS SNEER BRILLIANCE!

WE'LL JOIN YOU TOMORROW, BAILEY, BUT REMEMBER THIS! IF IT'S ANOTHER OF YOUR FOOLISH JOKES, YOU'LL REGRET IT!

YOU'LL EAT THOSE WORDS, PROFESSOR PARKIS! JUST WAIT!

SO THEY GATHERED IN PROFESSOR BAILEY'S STUDY THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AND PRECISELY AT SIX O'CLOCK...

LOOK! HE'S BEGINNING TO APPEAR!

WHEN THE VISITOR'S MATERIALIZATION WAS COMPLETE...

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING A FEW FRIENDS IN, BUT I WANTED THEM TO SHARE THIS MOMENT-- AND THE DEMONSTRATION!

I DON'T MIND, PROFESSOR! NOT IN THE LEAST!

THE VISITOR PERFORMED WITH SWIFT SKILL, BEGINNING THE DEMONSTRATION WITH A MOST MIRACULOUS LIQUID! WHEN POURED FROM THE TUBE IN HIS HAND THE DROPS FELL, BUT BEFORE THEY STRUCK THE FLOOR...

THEY DIS- APPEARED!

AND AS HIS CLOSING EXPERIMENT, THERE WAS THE STRANGE SCRAP OF PAPER HE HAD SET ABLAZE...

THAT SCRAP OF PAPER HAS BEEN BURNING FOR TEN MINUTES!

IT COULD ACTUALLY BURN FOR TWO CENTURIES! WE MAKE IT FROM ATOMIC WASTE MATERIAL!

THE DEMONSTRATION OVER, PROFESSOR BAILEY TURNED TOWARD HIS GUESTS-- A SUPERIOR, CHIDING SMILE ON HIS LIPS...

WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY NOW? AND YOU, PROFESSOR PARKS... I EXPECT A PUBLIC RETRACTION OF YESTERDAY'S INSULTING REMARK!

YOU DO, DO YOU?

WE WARNED YOU, PROFESSOR. BUT OBVIOUSLY, YOU'RE A VERY SICK MAN! I CAN'T EVEN BE ANGRY WITH YOU! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO A MAN WHO SEES THINGS THAT DON'T EXIST...

COME, PARKS! THE MAN'S HOPELESS!

...AND WHO SPEAKS TO THE THIN AIR!

YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID! WHAT CAN THE FOOL MEAN?

YOU REALLY CAN'T BLAME HIM! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU THAT THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SEE OR HEAR A TIME VISITOR, AND WHATEVER HE DOES, IS THE PERSON THE VISITOR CONTACTS!

THEN, WHATEVER IT WAS, IT WAS GONE-- AND THE EMPTY ROOM ECHOED WITH PROFESSOR BAILEY'S PLEADING WORDS...

BUT YOU MUST COME BACK! YOU HAVE TO PROVE IT TO THEM! WHAT CAN I SAY? HOW WILL I EVER EXPLAIN?

POP!

THE END

GIVEN - PREMIUMS Or Cash Commission - GIVEN

OUR 60th YEAR

ACT NOW

BE FIRST



GIVEN - CASH - PREMIUMS

ACT NOW

BE FIRST



MAIL COUPON TODAY



OUR 60th YEAR

MAIL COUPON

BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES - MEN

Thousands Shot Red Rider Repeater Air Rifle with tube of shot. Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Radios, Watches, Baseball Suits, Bats and Balls, Lovable Fully Dressed Dolls over 15" in height, all-sent postage paid. Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commissions easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. MAIL COUPON TODAY. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. M-21, TYRONE, PA.



WE TRUST YOU

ONCE IN A LIFETIME



MAIL COUPON

OUR 60th YEAR

-LOOK-
A REAL LIVE
PONY

Wrist Watches, School Boxes, Pen and Pencil Sets, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Fishing Outfits, 22 Cal. Rifles — All these valuable Premiums GIVEN plus many more for selling White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to your friends, neighbors, relatives. Don't forget many more valuable PREMIUMS and CASH COMMISSIONS are available in big catalog sent you with your first order, postage paid by us to start. SIMPLY GIVE FREE beautiful art picture suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 35 cents a box (with picture). We have Year Over Year of continuous service to millions. Mail coupon today for PREMIUMS or CASH.

Write WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. M-21, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON NOW.

60th YEAR

MAIL COUPON NOW
We Trust You

BOYS
GIRLS

BE FIRST
ACT NOW

WATCHES

BOYS
GIRLS



BE FIRST
ACT NOW

Radlok, Footballs, Basketball Outfits, Swim Masks (sent postage paid), GIVEN - GIVEN, GIVEN, White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE is so easy to sell to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box - with FREE picture - Send coupon now and your starting order will be sent out at once.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. M-21, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. A-21, Tyrone, Pa. Dear Gentleman—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35 cents a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name _____ Age _____

St. _____ City _____ State _____

Town _____ No. _____ State _____

Print Last Name _____

Address _____

Postage on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!

I just won **\$100.** and this 15" tall Silver Trophy

I just won this **\$1,000,000** Body and a Gold Medal!

You Can Win All These

just as I did

in **10**

MINUTES

OF FUN

A DAY!

**I GAINED
60 LBS. OF HANDSOME
HARD-HITTING
MUSCLES!**

John Sill

NOW

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

that 125 lb.—6 ft.
CHICKEN WEAKLING BELOW
CHESTED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 PICTURES
VOLUME ONE
MILLIONS HAVE
SERIALIZED
BY AND MORE

Yes! You still
can win \$100
and other 25th
Anniversary Prizes,
if you MAIL coupon
below NOW. Your suc-
cess can soon be like
mine. A few weeks ago
I was a skinny weakling
like you. I had no guts to
fight for my rights. TODAY
everyone admires my champ
movie-star build. My mighty
ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My
wide manly SHOULDERS. My
POPULARITY with boys. The
way GIRLS go for me—once
so glad! My new prowess
in SPORTS. My new
quickness in STUDIES. My
double-energy at work.

There's that
skinny scarecrow
JOHN. Let's
pass him by!



JOHN SILL
was a 125 lb.
6 ft. WEAKLING
LOOK at him NOW.
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!

John
Sill
before



NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more.
Just mail **NOW** the FREE
coupon below as I did.

Soon **YOU** can add
7 inches to your **CHEST**
3½ inches to EACH
ARM and the rest in
proportion as I did.

How to Build
A MIGHTY
CHEST

How to Build
MIGHTY
LEGS

How to Build
A MIGHTY
BACK

How to Build
A MIGHTY
GRIP

PHOTO BOOK
HOW
to Achieve
Herves of Steel,
Muscles of Iron

FREE

How to BECOME A
MIGHTY HE-MAN

GEORGE
F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

Come On, PAL
NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME
and I'll give **YOU**

A NEW HE-MAN BODY for
your OLD SKELETON FRAME
says George F. Jowett, World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MAN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you
are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's
or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or
what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10**
EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE**
YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD
I turned myself from a wreck to
a Champion of Champions.

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. AM-57

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest; 2. How to Build
a Mighty Back; 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip; 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back; 5. How to Build a Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIVE 10¢
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.).

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

CITY _____

Mail Coupon in Time for **FREE** offer and **PRIZES**!

AMAZING OFFER

**DO YOU NEED
EXTRA
MONEY?
\$35.00
IS YOURS**

for selling only 50 boxes of our 300 Christmas card line. And this can be done in a single day. Free samples. Other boxes on approval. Mail coupon below today.

It costs you nothing to try.

Last year some folks made \$250—\$500—\$1,000 and more this very way. Church groups and organizations can do this, too. No experience necessary.



CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. 30-C, White Plains, New York



**BEST WISHES
ALL OCCASION
ASSORTMENT**
21 luxurious cards—including gold bronzing, dainty hand finishing, matching postel envelopes



**LOTS OF LAFFS
HUMOROUS EVERYDAY
ASSORTMENT**
Novel animated cards—including original cut-outs, 3-dimensional pop-out features, bell attachments and 36" novelty card



**DELUXE EVERYDAY
GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE**
20 large multi-color 20" x 30" sheets in a fascinating variety of designs—plus matching seals and gift tags



**TALL BEAUTIES
ALL OCCASION
ASSORTMENT**
Beautifully styled and delightfully different—all gold bronzed and embossed



**VELVET
HASTY NOTES**
French folders with friendly messages on front in luminous rose and blue velvety flocking



**BLOSSOM TIME
STATIONERY ENSEMBLE**
Embossed floral design, with gold bronzing, dainty scalloped borders—ribbon-tied

Mail This Free Trial Coupon Today
CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY
Dept. 30-C, White Plains, New York

Please rush free samples, other boxes on approval for FREE TRIAL and full details of your easy money-making plan.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If writing for organization, give its name _____